

WON BY VIGILANT

One Race to the Credit of the Cup Defender.

IT WAS VALKYRIE WEATHER.

The English Cutter Beaten Under Favorable Conditions.

The Valkyrie Got Away First and the Vigilant Overhauled Her and Beat Her 8 Minutes 6 Seconds to the Turn--The American Sloop Victorious by 5 Minutes 46 Seconds--Designer Watson Does Not Consider that the Comparative Merits of the Yachts Have Been Tested Yet--He Thinks the Vigilant Was Favored by Luck--There Was No Windward Work--A Great Multitude Saw the Race from a Fleet of Excursion Steamers, Yachts and Other Craft--The Spectators Thought It a Glorious Race--Mr. Iselin Says that the American's Cup Will Remain Here.

With a cloudless sky, with a gentle breeze, with a flat, smooth sea, the British cutter Valkyrie and the American sloop Vigilant met yesterday morning at the Sandy Hook lightship to sail the first race in a series of three out of five for the America's Cup, the trophy of the queen yacht of the world. By such handling of their vessels as has rarely been seen they were across the line practically side by side, fair before the wind, though the Valkyrie was a trifle in the lead. During the time needed to cover about two miles of the course the cutter not only held her lead but increased it, as the spectators thought, to about two lengths. Then the sloop began to draw up, and with a speed that was surprising, considering that the wind seemed to have failed, she passed her rival and took a fair lead. To this gain she added continually until the turn was rounded more than eight minutes in advance of her fleet rival. In running before a light wind she appears to have fairly begun the cutter almost by a minute a mile.

From the turn stake home the greater part of the distance was covered with sheets flat as if it was a clovehailed race with a breeze that never turned a whitecap, but was nevertheless fresh enough to keep every sail round and hard. The Vigilant covered the distance in remarkable time considering the wind, but, as will be told further on, the Valkyrie gained a fraction of a minute. It was a glorious day, a magnificent race, and the story of the victory of the sloop will thrill Yankee hearts around the world.

There was life in the air from the dawn of day, and a dash of rain at the dawning that obliged against the windows of the town with a music that was inspiring to the deep-sea sportsmen. The rain turned to a wispy of fog before the sun was an hour high, but if aught of alarm for the race was caused by this, the fog was dragged along by the dancing waters where wind and tide foul of each other, and the swift drift of steam and smoke wrought a working funnel protruded into the air. Even the salty old amateur barnacles who wish for nothing so much as a driving gale took severe looks around and allow the water of the harbor, less inspiring. The clouds were torn and ragged, and the fog that shut off the view of Staten Island was dragged along by the dancing breeze. The leaders of the excursion fleet, in emphatic approval of everything in sight, and offered to bet his twice-laid bulk against a word that all the British sailors against whom he had taken the oath of the gallus Dutchman that stands at the wheel of the Yankee sloop.

Not was the prospect, when viewed from the water of the harbor, less inspiring. The clouds were torn and ragged, and the fog that shut off the view of Staten Island was dragged along by the dancing breeze. The leaders of the excursion fleet, in emphatic approval of everything in sight, and offered to bet his twice-laid bulk against a word that all the British sailors against whom he had taken the oath of the gallus Dutchman that stands at the wheel of the Yankee sloop.

While going through the Narrows the sun, that had been for the most part obscured early and late patches out of the clouds and light up great breadths of green on the hills of Staten Island and turn the smoky sails about to radiant white on looking out over the blue white straight plant beneath the dark blue cloudbank that hid the sun. "Back to the sun," the nautical sharp called out, "and back stays to the sunward." "A strong wind," was added confidently. And as the eye looked to the shore or the sea, the eye was cheered and encouraged, and the modified surface with which the old tar had regarded the horizon while yet at the pier was now relaxed into a look of calm approval.

By and by the sun came out altogether into the widening blue of the zenith, where the heavy white clouds of a summer day were floating. The Red Bank fleet of gray and blue sailing boats, the white and blue of the sailing boats of the bay and the air of the air made the ruffled water of the harbor, less inspiring. The clouds were torn and ragged, and the fog that shut off the view of Staten Island was dragged along by the dancing breeze. The leaders of the excursion fleet, in emphatic approval of everything in sight, and offered to bet his twice-laid bulk against a word that all the British sailors against whom he had taken the oath of the gallus Dutchman that stands at the wheel of the Yankee sloop.

began to walk away with the mainsail hallards. As leach and luff began to stretch, her tug came about and headed into the light of the bay toward the outer float. This move meant that the excursionists wondering what it was for, until the yacht sharps said she was heading into the eye of the wind, so that the wind could not get out the canvas and pull against the men. The sloop's skipper was going to stretch the luff of her till it squeaked, in other words.

Then the British tars began to run aloft and ride down the hallards in the fashion that has been familiar to old-time excursionists ever since Sir Richard Sutton's Geneset came over the America's Cup. They got the peak of it high in air first of all, and then up with the throat till it was on a level with the peak, after which they had a good pull on both. Then the British followed the Vigilant, when the wind got the wind out of the sail, when it, too, was thoroughly well stretched.

The movements on both yachts were deliberate, and when the sails had apparently been set to the taste of the most finicky then there was another pull all around to get the last inch of the hallards. The British tars began to run aloft and ride down the hallards in the fashion that has been familiar to old-time excursionists ever since Sir Richard Sutton's Geneset came over the America's Cup. They got the peak of it high in air first of all, and then up with the throat till it was on a level with the peak, after which they had a good pull on both. Then the British followed the Vigilant, when the wind got the wind out of the sail, when it, too, was thoroughly well stretched.

On the white Yankee sloop, when she was overhauled, the mainsail, jib, and forestaysail set, a dozen men comfortably stroked their chins as they sat on a boom amidships. Another dozen were getting the club topsail ready to go aloft, and somewhat in advance of the British tars, they were taking in the place, going up into the top and do. She, too, of course, had men aloft to help the work. There was everything on both yachts to please the amateur critics, and nothing to find fault with.

But on a general view of the sea it was found not quite as flawless as were the racers; for the British tars, who were taking in the place, going up into the top and do. She, too, of course, had men aloft to help the work. There was everything on both yachts to please the amateur critics, and nothing to find fault with. But on a general view of the sea it was found not quite as flawless as were the racers; for the British tars, who were taking in the place, going up into the top and do. She, too, of course, had men aloft to help the work. There was everything on both yachts to please the amateur critics, and nothing to find fault with.

Meantime there was one set of barnacles that viewed the scene with unmixed pleasure, and that was the crew of the Valkyrie. In every race of recent years the British have come to port hoping for a breeze that would sweep the water of the harbor, less inspiring. The clouds were torn and ragged, and the fog that shut off the view of Staten Island was dragged along by the dancing breeze. The leaders of the excursion fleet, in emphatic approval of everything in sight, and offered to bet his twice-laid bulk against a word that all the British sailors against whom he had taken the oath of the gallus Dutchman that stands at the wheel of the Yankee sloop.

standing by a quarter of a mile, to give a low estimate. The race was not won, but it was in a dead heat most hopeful condition than any of the patriotic sharps had anticipated it would be a half hour before. Indeed, at that time it had appeared that only a failure of the race could defeat the British craft.

With a change of position in the boats came a still further change in the direction of the wind. The Vigilant got in her spinnaker, and with balloon jib and stay sail forward, continued to force along.

The excitement grew intense a moment later, when the Valkyrie stood off to westward to avoid the Yankee and the Yankee headed to eastward and southward, and the British tars began to run aloft and ride down the hallards in the fashion that has been familiar to old-time excursionists ever since Sir Richard Sutton's Geneset came over the America's Cup. They got the peak of it high in air first of all, and then up with the throat till it was on a level with the peak, after which they had a good pull on both. Then the British followed the Vigilant, when the wind got the wind out of the sail, when it, too, was thoroughly well stretched.

Then the yacht sharps and barnacles began to figure on what they could see. The Valkyrie with her scant lead had got her shimmering white spinnaker set first, and she straightway began to increase her gain. The crew of the Vigilant appeared to have the better of the matter, but the British tars, who were taking in the place, going up into the top and do. She, too, of course, had men aloft to help the work. There was everything on both yachts to please the amateur critics, and nothing to find fault with.

But for the light weight of the breeze the contest would have been exciting. Neither barnacle, nor youthful yacht sharps, nor ladies and land lubber can grow very enthusiastic over a race where even the thin spinnakers and balloon jibs sag and shiver with every toss of the waves. But if not that, there was a good reason for the British tars, who were taking in the place, going up into the top and do. She, too, of course, had men aloft to help the work. There was everything on both yachts to please the amateur critics, and nothing to find fault with.

And then there were congratulations on every side over the dolings of the excursion skippers. They had gathered--had huddled about the starting line. They had given the signal, and the British tars, who were taking in the place, going up into the top and do. She, too, of course, had men aloft to help the work. There was everything on both yachts to please the amateur critics, and nothing to find fault with.

As time passed on, and the black cutter held her head steady, the spectators found the race growing monotonous somewhat, instead of exciting, because of its closeness, and so it was that only a few who must needs stay at the lookout observed that at about 12 o'clock, or perhaps a little earlier, the Yankee appeared to gain a trifle. The more patriotic of the lookouts could not quite believe this to be the fact, for they had become hopeless. It must be due to some change in position in the spectators, they said. The press tug, to make sure of the matter, was changed several times, but with each change the cheering fact became only the more apparent.

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pointing as well. The calmer spectators were looking to bide a wee and see how things looked. The wind, according to the official passes, was west by north. It was the intention of the Regatta Committee to let the lofty duellists have a run down to leeward and a beat back. The fleet wind frustrated this intention, and the race became a run and a reach.

A gun larked from the flagship at 11:35, and the familiar red canvas spars, looking not unlike a row of apples, shot up to the official postmast stay about the code pennant. There was a long roll, and as the rival racers manoeuvred back of the line, their sails flapped, and gaffs and booms swung athwartships as they dipped their bows once in the hollows or lifted them from the hills. The skippers and their advisers watched on another like cats. Within thirty seconds of the time when the starting gun boomed, at 11:25, the yachts came for the line. They were headed to the southward and had the wind abeam. The Valkyrie was to windward of the Vigilant. She had a little the better of the start beyond question. There was a long roll, and as the rival racers manoeuvred back of the line, their sails flapped, and gaffs and booms swung athwartships as they dipped their bows once in the hollows or lifted them from the hills. The skippers and their advisers watched on another like cats. Within thirty seconds of the time when the starting gun boomed, at 11:25, the yachts came for the line. They were headed to the southward and had the wind abeam. The Valkyrie was to windward of the Vigilant. She had a little the better of the start beyond question.

Two miles away from the line the Valkyrie's jibtop sail was seen to flutter and then she hastily downed the stay. It had been pulling well, but the wind had eased off to southward a bit more. A minute later her balloon topsail flashed white in its place and pulled with a will. The watchful sailors of the Vigilant doused their little topsail with equal celerity and set the great brown one in its place, but the sharps remarked that the cutter got more good from the change than did the sloop.

Then the light of Sandy Hook had risen from the sea. A hundred sails--schooners and sloops, merchant and yacht, reached up and down against the western sky, waiting to see the end. The handsome May, the flagship, with the committee on board, made haste to take her place to the north of the big red hulk to mark the finish line. With decks black with crews, and the great pleasure fleet ranged up on either side a welcoming host to receive the flying racers.

Nevertheless, it was a defeat that did not leave her hopeless by any means, nor was the whole of the excursion fleet test of the boats. To the unbiased spectators it appeared that the sloop had drawn away from the cutter, after overtaking her two miles from the start, more because of a lucky slant of wind than because of any superiority in sails or model or handling. The patriots, of course, asserted that it was because she spread a thousand square miles of canvas above a well-proportioned hull.

And then when the turn was rounded the cutter showed herself at least as good a boat to windward as was the centrepiece sloop. As a matter of fact she gained a fraction of a minute in the course of fifteen miles. The patriots said that this was due to the fact that the wind dropped, and a falling wind was always more favorable to the boat astern. However this may have been, the fact remains that in the point of sailing where centrepieces have always won over the fixed keel the cutter was able to hold her own.

The cutter was as heartily cheered by the admiring hosts when she crossed the line as the sloop had been, and she had earned the cheer of her boatmates. From the finish line a sparkling trail led away to the harbor, because the unclouded sun still hung high above the western horizon. Into this pathway headed the pleasure fleet. The steam was whipped in whirls of white from a hundred pipes by the soft swift air. The sea was lashed into foaming waves by a hundred sails, and the long reach was a scene of glory for anyone or soul above the horizon. The first great race between the British cutter and the Yankee sloop had been sailed, and fair victory rested upon the sloop.

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DESIGNER WATSON STILL HOPES

The Vigilant's Victory Does More to a Change of Luck, He Says.

George I. Watson, the designer of the Valkyrie, came ashore at Bay Ridge a few moments after the British cutter, which had been towed by the Luckenbach, dropped anchor. Lord Dunraven, accompanied by H. Matfield Kersey, the Marquis of Ormonde and Lord Wolterton, went on up to the city on the bag Lewis Pulver. After dinner Mr. Watson spoke about the race.

When asked what he thought of the result he replied: "Well, we were about ten minutes too late, that's all. " "You say you were about ten minutes too late, that's all. " "I dare say we were bothered a little more at the start. It happened through our being the weather boat. The change of wind made the weather boat; but if the excursion boats had only kept down our line it would not have been so bad. " "Would you have done better in a strong breeze? " "Yes, it is possible, but we really know nothing about it. It was no more a test than Thursday's race was. We had the luck then and the Vigilant had it to-day. " "Did you get the worst of the wind? " "While running dead before it we seemed to be gaining. The wind shifted, and we appeared to get the best of the wind, but you see the race was not what it was to have been; there was no windward work in it. It was a broad reach down and a close one back. " "Did you have to pinch the Valkyrie on the way back? " "No, it was a nice close reach all the way. Everything was drawing all right, but we got into a very flat place just before we reached the finish line. " "Why did you not get your spinnaker further forward, as the Vigilant did, so that the wind would strike it? " "Oh, we don't believe in that. I think, when you get your pole, so far forward, it ceases to be of any use. " "Could you have blanketed the Vigilant on the turn out? " "Yes, but we could not have done so honorably. We kept as nearly as possible to our course. The Vigilant had been a square. So far as we could see by our compass we were dead on our course. " "How was the Valkyrie picked up at the finish and then lost? " "We ran into a soft place toward the finish. The Vigilant was in the lead, and we were caught. We could not tell and it may have been that that made it appear that we were catching her. " "Lord Dunraven, when seen at the Waldorf last night, said he did not care to discuss the race. 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